DONNA ISABEL

By Randall Parrish Author of

"Bob Hampton of Placer," etc.

Illustrations by Dearborn Melvill Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co., 1008

(Chapter XVI Continued.)

The silent men stared gloomily out at that grim expanse of sea, ice and aky, but Anderson only scowled up into my face, slapping his mittened hands together.

"To hell wid that sort o' rot, Mr. Stephens," be broke forth, fiercely. "We're sailor-men, an' the most of us have seen ice before. This channel's wide enough for the hooker, an' what the devil do we want more? Maybe the ol' man was a bit nutty, but he knew how to sail these seas, an' he told a dam' straight yarn about that Spanish ship, just the same, an' I'm for andin' out whether or not it was a lie. Maybe there ain't no pesos awaitin' for us out yonder, but, by God, sir, I want to know it for sure. An' so do my mates. Now, you say we're within 200 miles of findin' out the truth, an' I'm hanged if I'll consent to go back like a whipped cur without takin' even a squint along that latitude."

He stamped on the deck, glowering about him like a mad bull, evidently daring the others to contradict. I leaned farther out over the rail.

"Is that right, lads? Has Anderson spoken your sentiments? Do you really mean to proceed in this crazy search in spite of all that ice out yonder?"

No voice responded, although 1 could hear the hoarse grumbling in their throats and see their heads shaking affirmatively. I turned toward the mate, who was standing just behind me.

"The men are all tongue-tied. How is it with you, Mr. De Nova? Are you for further south, or a quick run

I noticed him glance across toward Celeste, crouching beneath the abelter of the longboat, her face showing white against the darker background. I even imagined the girl lifted her hand as if in some form of signal; anyhow, the creole smiled confidently, his jet mustaches clearly outlined against his

"Wat I say, monsieur? Oh, oul, I was for get up ze steam in ze engine, and make a dash. By gar, maybe zare was ze monies to make us all



"To Hell Wid That Sort o' Rot, Mr. Stephens-We're Sailor-Men."

cheat ze ice-field. Bah! I seen it "True," I urged in final effort, "but

the season is wrong. We are driving south in the face of winter, the icepacks are forming, and not breaking up. I warn every one of you the chances are we'll be nipped."

"We can make it easy in three days, Mr. Stephens," broke in Anderson, loudly. "If we only have decent weath er, we could rip up that old hooker, copper the swag and be north-bound in that time. It ain't goin' to be such a hell of a job."

I never glanced toward him, my eyes still on the mate.

"But the women, De Nova?" He was looking at them, and, following his eyes, I turned also. Celeste was bending eagerly forward, her dark eyes sparkling with excitement; her mistress stood erect, grasping the edge of the longboat, her face flushed by the keen wind, her lips firmly pressed together.

"I sink zat maybe zey vote wiz ze crew, monsieur," smiled the creole,

pleasantly. Lady Darlington reached one hand out for the rail, her skirts flapping, her hair blowing free beneath her hat.

"It will be best for us to go on, Mr. Stephens," she said, quietly. "The men will never be satisfied otherwise; and I do not blame them. Too much at the last moment because of a little

from below, Anderson's voice shouting we sail forward into great danger, up hoarsely: "You're the right stuff!" and none among us can prophesy what tre responsibility was now mine. More his requiem. I am no sea preacher, what was there left for me to do! Neither can I read over these forms

Smart Oxfords for Young Men and Women

Young people are usually interested in the kind of oxfords that display youthfulness, snap and novelty in style, and oxfords of individuality.

SAVOY OXFORDS

Represent all these ideas of the young person. They are here in the many different shades of tan, as well as black, in such a variety of lasts that selection is quite easy. While these shoes are the leaders in style and quality-equal to most oxfords sold at \$5,

The Price is \$3.50 and \$4.00

Special request is made to the young ladies to come in and see the mannish Savoy lasts. They are popular in all the style centers and are sure to be worn extensively in Youngstown.

D. E. WILLIAMS The Big Shoe Store Built on Quality 137-139 West Federal St.

Absolutely nothing, the choice had the usual burial service, for I can find been made

"Is it understood I am in command?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Very well, then," I said, "you have chosen your bed, now you will lie in it. Mr. De Nova, get the stokers below and start the fires. We'll push her for it hard. You men stand by for a double funeral in an hour; we have a dead man fore and aft. Now step lively, my bullies!"

I watched them as they scattered like so many schoolboys at play, Anderson and De Nova driving them to their various tasks. A hand touched my arm gently.

"I hope you are not angry, Mr. Stephens. Did I do so very wrong?" I looked down into her gray eyes filled with appeal, and felt my face

"Frankly, I do not know," I replied, honestly. "Of course, I could not hope to oppose all the crew, but we are taking a terrible chance. I appreciate your courage, Lady Darlington, and shall do my best to justify your confidence in my seamanship. But you must go below, out of this wind. Permit me to assist you down the ladder."

CHAPTER XVII.

In Which We Bury Our Dead. Black smoke was already trailing from out our funnel in ever increasing volume, the steadily revolving screw was driving the yacht forward with new power, and the only bit of canvas showing was the close-reefed jib,

left as an aid to the wheelsmen. ly for a copy of the Scriptures, or any the only sound on board the wind book containing the burial service. whistling through the rigging and the One might possibly have been discovered hidden away in the locked chests, but I did not feel authorized to break these open on such quest, and so re- bodies to the deep, and may God have turned to the deck with nothing to mercy on their souls!" guide me in the services to be conducted. The boatswain, assisted by two seamen, had prepared the bodies men who were about to tilt the planks for their last long voyage, and while pausing in wonderment. the crew gathered in a body on the snow-covered deck, the dead, shrouded beneath white sheets, were silently borne forth from cabin and forecastle and placed reverently upon planks

balanced across the rail.

I should greatly have preferred Lady Darlington to remain below dur- impressive silence; then her voice ing the ceremonies. There is much desea, especially so in our circumstances | not what she said; merely the simple and surroundings. But she insisted upon being present, and so at the last | Almighty Father for pardon and guidmoment I returned to the cabin and escorted both her and Celeste to the such mighty hold upon me. It was deck. It was a dismal, melancholy scene, and I did not wonder at the slight shiver with which her ladyship glanced about. The swiftly descending snow, the whitened decks, trampled beneath the feet of the men, the bare spars overhead; the low-flying, duncolored clouds; the gray, tumbling waters; the low growl of the ice as the waves battered its front; the sllent semicircle of men standing motionless except for their shuffling feet; and those two white-draped figures lying extended across the rail-all combined to form a grim sea-picture the memory of which can never dissolve.

Protected somewhat from the sharp wind by the cabin the men had flung aside their mufflers, so that their weather-beaten faces, most of them heavily bearded, were plainly revealed. I could not but be impressed with the motley crowd, as the lineaments of negro, Kanaka, and every variety of white degenerate were thus exposed. Their uneasy, shuffling feet, and the impatience depicted on their faces, aroused me to the requirements of the moment. I advanced to the rail, standing beside the corpse of the mate.

"Lads," I said, soberly, "when we bury shipmates at sea there is a solemnity about the simple teremony unknown to the land. Far away from friends and home we give the body up has been risked already to turn back to the great ocean to keep for eternity. Yet we are sailors, long accusadditional peril. Nor am I willing it tomed to the vicissitudes and perils of should be done merely to spare us a the deep; we have parted with shipfew more days of discomfort. We mates before in many seas, and not a ust take our chances, and, as for my- few among you look forward to the self, I trust absolutely in your sea time when comrades will be called upon to perform a similar service of respect over your bodies. Even now and none among us can prophesy what at I stood there in silence, gazing at the morrow may bring of either life or in astonishment, feeling deserted or death. Yet the sea is the sailor's overy one, and realising that the en- sepulcher, the roar of the great waves than any among them I com- able to address you upon the hereaded the peril fronting us, the after, or fitted to sulogize the spirits chance we were about to of those whose bodies we are about to casting of dice with death. bury. You desire nothing of the kind.

no book containing it on board. Is



Her Voice Arose, Low Yet Distinct. Trembling to the Accent of Reverent Prayer.

there any one among you, mates, who will voice a prayer before we drop these bodies overboard?"

I looked along the semi-circle of faces, expecting nothing from the members of the crew, yet faintly hopeful that some one or two might be led to respond. No one stirred, however, heavy breathing of the men.

"Well, then," I added, regretfully. "nothing remains but to commit their

I lifted my hand in signal, but even as I did so Lady Darlington spoke, the

"Wait, Mr. Stephens: not without

one word of prayer. Let me speak it, if no one else will." She came forward, throwing back her veil, and grasping my sleeve to retain steady footing on the heaving deck. For an instant there was an arose, low, yet distinct, trembling to the accent of reverent prayer. I know breathing upward of a petition to the ance; yet never before did faith lay short, only a few faltering sentences. but the honesty of it, the faith so clearly evidenced in both words and tace, impressed the roughest there. heard some one say "Amen" solemnly, nothing openly threatened with and raised my hand in signal. Noise lessly the ends of the planks were upthat she even failed to note the action, speed and prompt attention to signals, lifting her eyes wonderlingly to the took one last searching glance about bare planks, and with a choking sob the dimming horizon, and finally burying her face in her hands. With- threw myself, without undressing, on out venturing a word I led her gently my bunk for a brief rest below, to the companion. Five minutes later I stood again upon the bridge, the scene without I discovered sleep imdeck beneath throbbing to the pulse of the released engine, as the Sea hold on for further southing? My

perate effort to attain her goal. were out-such cold, dead stars they out again. Only some mystery of seemed-and a little later I knew the moon would come stealing up above passage, had held the wind to anoththe waste of waters, yet there was a haze hovering all about us, as though the invading floes and yielding to us the entire surrounding atmosphere was thick with frost. I crouched down last-a day, two days, more? We behind the slight protection of the could race northward with the ice, but tarpaulins, sweeping the horizon with what about that vast field stretching my glasses, but discovering nothing to the northwest? If by some shift of to awaken alarm. I saw nothing of wind it were to close in, the helpless the watch, except as I called for them. Then they came, clawing their way out of the snug holes where they hid from wind and water. However, there was little enough for any of us to do; we could simply hold on, trusting in the strength of the keel under us, and sheering to eastward of the ice-pack It was a wild, mad night, the wind freezing to the marrow, and every wave dashing its icy spray hurtling against the front of the whoelhouse. At eight bells I went below again, every muscle of my body aching, and my face tingling as though pierced by a thousand needles. I sat down before the red-hot stove in the cabln, think-

ing I should never get the cold thawed

out of me. Yet inside of ten minutes. with head resting on the chair-back. and legs extended to keep my balance, was sound asleep.

Whether a sudden lean of the vensel or some unusual noise aroused me cannot say. Dazed, confused, I sat upright, staring about me, for the moment scarcely realizing where I was. I could hear the flerce pounding of the sea without, the shricking of wind through the cordage, and the rattle and groaning of the woodwork as the struggling vessel dived into the hollows and fought her way back to the crests. A shower of hall lashed the windows, rattling like shot against the shutters. As I glanced backward across my shoulder, I heard, above all that hellish uproar, a hollow, unearthly groan. I was upon my feet in an instant, grasping at the edge of the table, striving vainly to place the sound. For some cause I could not keep my eyes off Tuttle's door, every nerve pulsing with agony. Was it imagination, Illusion? By all the gods. beheld a white visionary form glide noiselessly forth and disappear as though dissolved in mist. It was certainly there, yet, in another instant, had vanished, I knew not how, I stared about into the dim corners, then leaped toward the Goor, seeking to open it. It was locked; of course it was, for the key was in my own pocket.

Many times I have known fear, but not such fear as this which now smote Here was something intangible, something I could not reach and throttle, a dim, frightful shade, coming from God alone knew whence. I deavored to laugh, to woo back my courage. Great heavens, was I also losing my mind? Was I to be haunted and pursued by evil fancies? Had the curse of this ship now descended upon me? I staggered to my feet, holding on desperately to the table, seized the decanter from off the swinging shelf and drank deeply. Lord, what grim fancies a man may have when the physical organism is unstrung! glanced at my watch, discovering still had two hours below, and crossed over to my stateroom, nerving myself to play the man, yet glancing about fearfully into the dancing shadows. laughed as I closed the door, but shot

before fatigue finally closed my eyes. CHAPTER XVIII.

the bolt hard, and lay there for an

hour listening, every nerve a-tingle,

In Which We Lay the Ghost. The coming of night found our situation less promising- a thick vell of clouds obscuring all gleam of stars, the wind veering more to the westward and growing bitterly cold. The barometer was falling slowly, pres-She paused, her head still lowered; I aging the approach of storm; yet exception of these thickening cloudmasses sendding up from out the tilted, and the two sheeted figures slid southwest, their wildness reflected in downward into the gray water. In the darkening sea, and the continuous stantly they disappeared beneath the thunder of waves along the ice-front unfathomable depths. So silently and blocking our passage. I visited the expeditiously was this accomplished engine and boiler rooms, ordered half

As I lay there, thinking of that wild possible. Was I doing right thus to Queen raced recklessly forward conscience was not altogether clear, through the ice-girded waters in des- for I realized that it would be luck rather than seamanship that would It was not a dark night, for the stars | take us through and bring us safely Providence had thus far given us er point of the compass, beating back an open sea. But would such fortune Sea Queen would be crushed like an eggshell. And Lady Darlington had said she trusted me implicitly. Was I

showing myself worthy by thus pushing the yacht deeper into danger? By heaven, for her sake, if for no other reason, I would play the man! Ay, and I comprehended exactly what such resolve would cost-realized fully what that mongrel crew would say and do the moment their ghostly terrors fled, and they knew I had given up search for the treasure. I should have to command by brute force, by threat and blow. There would be mutiny aboard for every league until we made port. I knew the nature of

whine and curse, how they the forecastle. There must be would hate me for failing to hold passageway from stem to stern." them to their course in face of death! Well, let them hate; my love was worth by far the more, and the life and honor of Lady Darlington outweighed all else on board-ay, and the treasure of the Donna Isabel! "Implicitly"- I saw her eyes again as she said it, and sprang to the deck, fumbling in the darkness for the latch of my door.

paused to rattle it, and add a few lumps of coal from the scuttle standing near by. In spite of surrounding comforts what a grim, inhospitable place this was for any woman like her! The very snugness of the cabin served only to emphasize the gloom and peril without, the frightful polar mystery which surrounded us, which drives men mad amid its awful distances, its shrouded silence.

Suddenly, directly opposite where I stood, I saw it again—that same shapeless, white, gliding figure. An instant only I stood rooted to the spot, my blood like ice, my eyes full of horror. Then the swift reaction came, the reserve courage of a man ashamed of such weakness, and I leaped straight toward the misty object, grappling at it with my hands. I touched nothing but air, falling headlong with a violence jarring the entire cabin, and overthrowing a chair crashing to the deck, Dazed, confused, I staggered to my knees, staring about into the dim shadows. A white-draped figure was at my very elbow, and I sprang to my feet, only to take a table, as I recognized Lady Darling-

"Good God! was that you?" I gasped, the horror still possessing me "This certainly is," she answered

swiftly. "But what do you mean? What has occurred?" "I hardly know," and I looked about me, and then into her face, breathing heavily. "I seem unable to separate the real from the unreal. I am half afraid I am losing my mind. Lady Darlington, it is not only the crew for ward who are seeing ghosts on board. I laughed at my experience before, be lieving it a mere illusion that could never occur again. In that spirit I told you about seeing a white, misty figure in this cabin the night after Tuttle died. It vanished like a wreath of smoke, and daylight made me believe the vision was born of a tired brain. But I have seen it again now -yonder, as plainly as I can see you It was no dream, no imagination; yet when I sought to grasp the thing, my

fingers encountered nothing but air." I saw her hands tremble, her white face turned whither I pointed; but she had not beheld what I had, and her mind remained clear.

"What was it you saw?" "A shapeless white figure, misty, vanishing like a bubble."

"Yonder, you say? just where you saw it before?" I had not thought of that, yet it was true-there, beside Tuttle's door. An instant she stood motionless, her eyes

searching the dim corners of the cabin, as though tracing some suspicion awakened within her mind. Suddenly she clasped my arm. "We do not believe in ghosts, Mr Stephens, you and I," her voice grow-

ing firmer with conviction. "Our edu cation and training make such a con ception impossible. There is a natural cause for this, a reason, an actual presence back of the shadow. There must be, and we must find it. Where did you stand when you saw this ap-

I stepped back to the spot beside the stove, realizing that she still clung tightly to me. "Here, and I lifted my eyes like

She leaned eagerly forward, her breath on my cheek, her fingers clutching my arm

"Why-why that is a mirror you are looking into! See! What is it reflected there? Turn up the light until I locate the spot. Oh, I see now-the open pantry door. Mr. Stephens, there is where your ghost stood-it was the

Our eyes met, all my former terror fled, shame and anger dominating me. "Dade?"

"It might be-certainly some one who sought in that way to terrorize officers and crew, and thus compel them to turn back. Whoever it was, he killed Mr. Tuttle, and now seeks to accomplish the same end with you. What are you going to do?"

"Trace him down. The last time that sea-scum forward-how they the fellow went directly from here to

She caught me as I turned, her gray eyes wide with apprehension.

"You will take me with you?" "That will be impossible, Lady Darlington. I know nothing regarding this passage amidships, but it must surely lead through the coal bunkers and the engine room."

"But-but I cannot let you go alone," utterly forgetting to concenl The main cabin was dimly lighted her agitation. "Truly, I could not bear and chill, the fire in the stove low. I to do it. Whoever this man may be he will become desperate when cornered. Your very life will be in dan ger."

"And you really care?" my hand clasping hers, my eyes eagerly searching the gray depths.

"Yes, I care," making no effort to free herself; "why should I not? Think what our condition would be if you were not on board. Yet that is not all; I care because I value your life, your friendship. Little as I can do, let me, at least, be near you." "You are near me," said I, utterly

forgetful of circumstances in the sudden rush of passion, "always near me, because my thoughts are with you, my sole purpose in life to serve you." The gray eyes fell instantly; the clasping hand was withdrawn and

pressed to her forehead. "I-I will try to do as you wish," she faltered, "but are you armed?" "Not now, but I will get a revolver from my stateroom. First, let me

help you to your cabin." She permitted my guidance without a word of protest, only glancing once up into my face as sh "You will return here? you will let REGISTERED PRENCH DRAFT STALLION me know at once what you discover?

Promise me this." "I promise; and more, I will pledge myself to be cautious, so do not worry."

I procured my revolver, turned the light low once more in the main cabin. and then stole silently into the narrow passageway leading forward. There was no light in the pantry, but the faint reflection from the cabin enabled me to distinguish the more prominent outlines. A form lay outstretched on a locker, and I bent over it silently It was Dade, curled up on his side and sound asleep. There was no doubt about the reality of his slumber; the fellow was not shamming, and I drew back, leaving him undisturbed. The alley-way leading forward was extremely narrow, yet of a height sufficient to afford comparatively easy passage had it only been lighted. Suddenly a faint glow appeared ahead, and a moment later I slipped cautiously through a small bulkhead door standing ajar, into a low, square room containing six bunks arranged in tiers of two. A slush lamp swung from a blackened beam, and various articles of wearing apparel dangled from hooks. I peered into the bunks, discovering three occupied, the unconscious sleepers being Cooky, the smooth-faced Chilean, and the gunner, a Swede named Gustafson. None awoke under my scrutiny, although the Chilean was talking in his sleep and threshing his arms about as if in nightmare. I bent down, looking at him more closely, attracted by some thing oddly familiar in the upturned features. By all the gods, the fellow was Lieut. Juan Sanchez, long mustaches shaven, and looking ten years younger! It was so odd

serious purpose bringing me there. Yet this surprising discovery of Sanchez aboard seemed of comparatively little importance, and was as quickly dismissed. The narrow bulkhead door leading forward was tightly closed, and in that dim light I had to hunt for it, so perfectly was it fitted into place. When discovered, however, it proved to be unfastened, and l stepped forth into an emptied coal bunker, whence I could look straight forward along the glowing boilers into the engine room. I advanced carefully along the slight open space until I came upon the squad of firemen and big Bill Anderson. The latter shaded his eyes, staring at me as though he mistook me for another ghost, but I took the initiative.

a thing, this sudden renewal of a con-

troversy originating thousands of

leagues away, that I nearly laughed

outright, forgetting for the instant the

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK,

If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidney's so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. F. A. Morris, Canneld.

PUELOU



DESCRIPTION

Puclou is a very black gray; nonehave possessed more of a combination of size, style, bone and inish, and weighs 1800 pounds. Foaled May 19, 90t, bred by H. A. Snyder, Shanck, Ohio owned by H. W. Hull, Diamond, O. Record No. 48523.

PEDIGREE

PEDIGREE

Sire—Guarier, 4974 (6839) by Coco (2728) by Mouton (1640) by French Monarch 205 (734) by Iderim (5302) by Valentine (5301) by Vieux Chaslin (713) by Coco (712) by Mignen (715) by Jean-le-Blanc (739). Dam—Anneta 15407 by Lamorickere 6548-(10002) by Lord Byron 3648 (398) by Favora (1524) (765) by French Monarch 205 (734) by Riderim (5302) by Valentine (5301) by Vieux Chaslin (713) by Coco (712) by Mignon (715) by Jean-le-Blanc (739). 2d dam—Sans Pareil 6625 (9241) by Blemark 5529 (633) by Sultan (1395) by Vigoureux (1392) by Coco (712) by Mignon (715) by Jean-le-Blanc (739). 3d dam—Marget (2340) by Sultan (1395) by Vigoureux (1393) by Coco (712) by Mignon (715) by Jean-le-Blanc (739) 4th dam—Bijou belonging to M. Launay.

This fine stallion can be seen during 1909 every

This fine stallion can be seen during 1909 every day in the week except Sundays at the owner's stable in Milton, Ohio.

TERMS—\$8.00 to insure a standing colt, if paid on or before colt is one month old, if not paid then \$10.00. Parting with mares before known to be in foal forfeits Insurance. Due care will be taken but will not be responsible for accidents should any occur.



No. 9856, Vol. 7.

Bill, No. 9856, was sired by Cabestan he by Romulus 4445, out of Biche, 1074 by Valliant 1888, Romulus 4443 by Sanso Dam, Virginia, 8080, she by Dilion 2155, out of Regardless 1888; Dilion 2155 by Brilliant 766, by Coco II 714, by Vieux Chastin 718, by Coco 712, by Mignon 715, by Jean le Blang

This fine stallion can be seen during 1909 every day in the week except Sundays at the owner's stable on the Hugh Stuart farm, # miles southwest of Canfield, Obio. TERMS—88.00 to insure a standing colt if paid on or before colt is one mouth old; if not paid then \$10.00. Parting with mare before she is known to be in foal forfeits the insurance. Due care will be taken but will not be responsible for accidents should any occur.

Assuring breeders of fair and courteous reatment, their patronage is respectfully Very truly yours, CHARLES HULL. Canfield, Ohio.

LEGAL NOTICE.

The State of Chio, Mahoning County, ss.—In the Court of Common Pieas.
Oliver F. Culbertson vs. Sadds E. Culbertson, Said defendant, Sadds E. Culbertson, whose residence is unknown to the plaintiff, will take notice that said plaintiff, Cliver F. Culbertson, did on the 17th day of March, 160e, file his petition with the clerk of the Court of Common Pieas of Mahoning County, Ohio, praying said court. to grant to him a divorce from said defendant, and to grant to him such other equitable relief as he may be entitled to, and alleging as grounds for said divorce, that said defendant in disregard of her marital duties toward said plaintiff, has been guilty of wilful absence for the three years has past, and gross neglect of duty. And said defendant will further take notice that said petition will stand for hearing in said court on the 20th day of April, 1608, and date being more than six weeks and one day from the first publication of this notice.

Olivent F. Culbertson,
March 18, 1909.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Chester Winter, whose piace of residence is now Albany, New York, will take notice that his wift. Minute Winter, has filed ber petition in the Corre of Common Pleas. Mahouing county, thic. being case No. 25000, praying to be divorced from said Chester Winter, and alleging as grounds therefor that said Chester Winter has been guilty of extreme stucity and grees begieve of duty, and that said case will be for hearing on and after six (5) weeks' publication of this notice.

MINNIE WINTER.

Beard & Beard, Plaintiff's Attorneys. 51-5

S. B. PARSHAL, D. V. S. AUCTIONEER

